

## POOR FOLKED IN DEER KILLING BODY OF WOMAN

Man Faints as He Looks  
on the Corpse at  
the Morgue.

Search for "Cora S."  
Begun by the Detec-  
tives on Faint Clue.

HARRISON, N. J., Dec. 29.—Revealing that the mystery surrounding the finding of the nude body of a woman in the swamp near here Thursday conceals one of the most dastardly murders, the Newark and Harrison police, aided by Hudson county officials, are bending every effort to identify the victim and locate the murderer. But the delay in holding the autopsy has given the slayer time to cover his tracks, and the task of fixing the responsibility for the crime will be extremely hard.

The so-called identifications have now all been exploded excepting that of the Montclair intelligence office proprietor, who said the woman sought a position under the name of Annie Nevins, of Brooklyn, and the Brooklyn police say they can find no trace of any such woman.

Faints at Sight of Body.

The latest clue in which the police put scant hope was the visit to the morgue today of a man who said he was from Jersey City. He declared he was looking for a woman whose first name was Cora, and whose surname began with "S." After one look at the body he fell in a faint and friends hurried him from the morgue. He left before the police could question him at length.

The man's statement fits so accurately with some of the evidence that the police are looking through the lists of missing women for a Cora S. Near where the body was found the police picked up a letter to "Cora," evidently written by a mother to her daughter. Its contents were mostly unrecognizable but one paragraph read:

"Dear Cora: Ask God to help you. You may yet be saved and restored to your loved ones. Now think earnestly of these words. Pray earnestly over your future. God is good."

Immediately following the finding of this note a pearl pin with the initial "S" on it was picked up.

Woman of Good Family.

The most significant development, the police now think, is the revelation of the autopsy that the dead woman was not of the ordinary walks of life; that she was not given much to drink, and that her murderer struck her down from behind with a snatching or similar instrument, fracturing her skull, then throwing her face down into the pool of water to drown.

Hate Is Indicated by the force of the blow, rather than brute passion, and it seems evident she was killed because she interfered with the plans of some man. Detectives on the case adding the murderer was no ordinary man, and declare his method to prevent identification would probably have been successful had he weighted the clothing before throwing them into the river. They lean more strongly now to the theory that the body was brought to the place where found in a vehicle of some nature, and are today canvassing the livery stables and carriages of Newark and Jersey City for confirmation along this line.

Died While Struggling.

That the girl died struggling was shown by her clinched teeth. The first blow probably rendered her unconscious, but she revived, renewed her struggle for life, and tried to make an outcry. It was then that clinders were forced into her mouth, and she was again struck on the back of the head, leaving her unconscious and helpless. After her clothing was stripped from her she was ruthlessly thrown into a pool. Unconscious as she was, she did not have a chance for life. The cold water may have revived her long enough to give her a few gasps, and while she was in the lungs. Then she died from suffocation.

With the mystery as to the cause of the girl's death cleared at this late hour, the police of Harrison, now certain that murder has been done, have something to work upon, and today expect to make another arrest. Arthur Thompson and his partner, the two boatmen who lived on the beach, a few hundred yards from where the girl's body was found, are closely confined in the Harrison jail.

It is likely that a reward for the arrest of the slayer will be offered today.

Woman Living Here  
Thinks Her Sister  
Is Murder Victim

Mrs. Catherine Hunter, of 808 L street, is prostrate over the news that a young woman answering to the description of her sister was found dead in a pond near Harrison, N. J., last Thursday. She believes the woman will prove to be her sister, Mrs. Josephine Beck, the wife of a Philadelphia merchant, who has been missing from her home for the last two years, and from whom Mrs. Hunter had not heard until a few days ago.

A letter was received about ten days ago from Mrs. Beck, saying that she was despondent and intimating that she contemplated suicide. The opinion is still strong, because the reports of the tragic death of the woman would have been seen by Mrs. Beck, it is believed, and a letter clearing up the mystery would have been received by them before this. No further news has been received by Mrs. Hunter, either from the police of Philadelphia or from Mrs. Beck.

## GIRL AND MINISTER WHO ELOPED FOUND LIVING IN FRISCO



MISS FLORETTA WHALEY,  
Found Living in San Francisco Flat With the Rev. Jere Knobe Cooke, Her  
Pastor and Guardian at Hempstead, L. I., With Whom She Eloped  
Several Months Ago.

### The Rev. Jere Cooke Labors as Painter to Support Family.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 29.—Hunted for eight months, the Rev. Jere Knobe Cooke, Yale graduate and former pastor of St. George's Church, Hempstead, L. I., who created one of the sensations of the year by deserting his wife and eloping with Floretta Whaley, a seventeen-year-old heiress, has been located with the young girl in a flat at 1129 Green street, in this city.

During the eight months since his disappearance, while the police of the country have been endeavoring to find him, Cooke has been living quietly in Los Angeles and San Francisco, working as a painter and decorator, when circumstances were against him, doing the hardest kind of labor to eke out an existence for himself and the girl. A child has been born to them, and the two have stood by one another, hungry, hunted, but apparently happy.

Now the dream of love is ended, and the Rev. Jere Knobe Cooke is waiting for the warrant which shall take him back East to face a charge of abduction.

His discovery was brought about by Captain Cleary, of the Marine Patrol Agency, who noticed that a photograph in a daily paper, labeled "Floretta Whaley," was the picture of the wife of the painter and decorator who were going under the names of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Baloom. Cooke admitted his identity when confronted.

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## WANTS MORE MONEY FOR NEW BUILDING

Secretary Wilson Explains  
Why There Are Two Ag-  
ricultural Structures.

Relative to criticism made when the Department of Agriculture began the erection of two buildings on an appropriation which was supposed to be for a single one, Secretary Wilson is said to have remarked that if a farmer was a man who could make two blades of grass grow where there was but one before, he supposed the Secretary could make two buildings where but one stood on the hill. It now develops that the department will make a stand this year for an appropriation for the building which shall join the two wings now ready for occupancy. The Secretary says the amount asked will probably be at least a million and three quarters.

"The new agricultural building," said the Secretary, "is unlike any other building in the city. We started building it on a unit system. We now have two units ready, and this year want the third. But we can see right now that three units will not accommodate our entire staff. Therefore, later, we will ask for additional units, and so on for the next thousand years or so. And the adding process will be in a southern direction. I expect to see the department occupying those blocks now bounded by Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and B and C at some future date."

O, JOY! O, BLISS!  
SEEDS PLentiful!

Fears of Congressmen Dis-  
pelled by Cautious Agri-  
cultural Guardians.

The Congressional free seed contingent need have no fear of famine this year, despite the destruction in November of the Agricultural Department's seed storage building.

It is a matter of history that the onslaught of the seedless ones in Congress resulted in a \$50,000 appropriation. Once the money was secured, however, direful forebodings filled the hearts of the anxious, for \$50,000 worth of seeds at one fell swoop is some seeds, and it appeared that the Department of Agriculture might have to run a little corner to secure a sufficient amount to go round.

But the seed experts of the department are far-sighted men. Shortly after the seed building burned, they foresaw the insatiable demand of anxious Congressmen, and with an inscrutable smile and the gum shoe, provisionally ordered some \$50,000 worth of new seeds. Indeed, the \$50,000 were never delivered to the department, but the understanding that if the appropriation were passed, they could remain. Now they are certain to remain.

Speaking of free seeds, one of the department officials has a good story to relate. It seems that a Congressman asked that a goodly assortment of seeds be sent to a certain rural constituency. With the package, the seed division inclosed the usual request that the addressee "report to the department his success in the use of the seeds promptly."

"Yours to hand. My wife and I ain't been able to find out why you sent us any flower seeds. The beans and peas was fine—especially the first, which she baked in the pot. We ain't been able to find out why you sent us such a small sample. Please send some more immediately, as my wife has got a new recipe."

GAY Y. M. C. A. MAN  
CONFESSES THEFT

EVANSVILLE, Ind., Dec. 30.—Porter Y. Johnson, assistant secretary of the Evansville Y. M. C. A., was arrested last night on a warrant sworn out by Major A. C. Rosenbaum, a director charging him with embezzling \$40 of association's fund.

Johnson is from Norfolk, Va. He came here as a tramp and professed to be converted at a men's meeting. Secretary Morge took pity on him and gave him a job. Johnson confessed to having spent the money on women, with whom he had a gay time.

"WOMAN OF NEEDLES"  
DIES AFTER OPERATION

NEW YORK, Dec. 30.—After having had 134 needles of assorted sizes drawn from almost every part of her body, Mrs. Molly Desmond who, a year ago swallowed 144 of them, died today in St. Elizabeth's hospital, following her twenty-sixth operation.

Mrs. Desmond, known to the medical profession for the past year as the "woman of needles," since she swallowed a package of them, ranging in size from three-quarters of an inch to three inches, because her husband left their home in the Bronx, fell into a state of coma after the last operation and never recovered.

## To Reveal Real Thaw At His Second Trial

Attorney for White's Slayer Will Show, by His  
Actions Toward Women, That His Client  
Was Not in Sane Condition.

NEW YORK, Dec. 30.—With the second trial of Harry Kendall Thaw for the murder of Stanford White but one week off, the attorneys on both sides continue secretive as to their line of action. It is certain, though, that the defense in the new trial will differ in many radical points from the first.

Martin W. Littleton, Thaw's new chief counsel, is well versed in metropolitan uses and, it is said, will not make the mistake of urging justification to a jury of New Yorkers, but will stick to a straight defense of temporary insanity.

This fact will probably eliminate the wrangles between counsel, which kept out of the record stories of acts by Thaw with various women that at least bordered on those of a man not in full possession of his faculties.

With the "lid off" there is likely to be brought out a mass of evidence that will differ greatly from all that is already in the case, and new light will be thrown on the career of the husband of Evelyn Nesbit Thaw from the time he burst upon the gaze of Broadway as a wild youth until the fatal night at the Garden.

His Escapades Unvarnished.

His various escapades at home and abroad, the instances which seem to tell of moral irresponsibility, are all likely to be related to the jury in unvarnished form, and there will, under Littleton, probably be little attempt made to weave about him a clothing of mystery and chivalry that will blind the jury to the real issue of the case.

Thaw killed White because he believed White had wronged Evelyn Nesbit Thaw and again wanted to steal her away from him, but he is now fully recovered mentally. This will be the

Naughty "Three Weeks"  
Reddens the Cheeks, But—  
Scores Take Tiny Peeks

Shush! Nobody has read it. You may look far and wide, high and low, but "Three Weeks" Mercy. How dare you ask?

Far be it from anyone, though, to insinuate that the public of Washington is far behind that of good old Boston when it comes to the question of morality, but there have been hundreds and hundreds and still more hundreds of copies of Mrs. Ellnor Glynn's book sold in Washington and the question now arises "Where have they gone?"

At the Public Library a query for the English story is met by the curt reply "The book is not in the library." That should be sufficient.

But up at the Library of Congress a far different answer comes over the desk:

Has He Read It?

One prominent man declared he had been under the care of the oculist several weeks and had not been able to read anything, but he didn't say that someone had not read the story to him. Of course, he didn't say that someone had, either.

Carrie Nation said if it wasn't for going to Mexico she might read the book, but she just had to go to Mexico.

Nearly every minister in town had left the city when inquiry as to whether they had read the book was propounded to their families and the number of high officials who had been too engrossed in the cares of state to read anything would seem to indicate that the country is fast being lifted from the depths of depression to which it was plunged some time ago.

Yet the Book Sells!

Just the same the sale in every department store and book store in Washington was so great that nobody can be found in any of them to estimate how many copies of the book were sold. Men and women, alike, bought them, and on the street corners and in private offices one hears "Have you read 'Three Weeks'?" asked in low tones, and usually the reply comes "No, I haven't." A few have been heard to supplement this with "Got a copy?"

Up Boston way "Three Weeks" has raised the mischief. Some young person read it and it was all off. From that instant the whole of Boston was upset.

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and the

## Chicago & North-Western Union Pacific

and  
Salt Lake Route

will do the rest.

J. B. DE FRIEST, Gen. Agent  
830 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

## TARKINGTON MISSING CASE IS POSTPONED

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 30.—The case against Newton Booth Tarkington, author and playwright, arrested on Christmas morning on a charge of resisting an officer, has been dropped.

When his case was called in police court he was not present and the judge instructed the clerk to enter the case as "indefinitely postponed."

## FATHER THOUGHT CHILD WOULD DIE

Suffered with Cuban Itch, and Sores  
Covered Body from Head to Foot  
—Would Claw Himself and Cry  
All the Time—Could Not Be  
Dressed—Mother Advised to  
Try the Cuticura Remedies.

CURED BY CUTICURA  
AT EXPENSE OF 75c.

"My little boy in the Spring of 1901, when only an infant of three months, caught the Cuban Itch from one of my neighbor's babies.



Sores broke out from his head to the bottom of his feet. He would claw himself and cry all the time. He could not sleep day or night. I had to keep him in his carriage most all the while to keep him still. We could not bear to have his clothing touch him, and only a light sheet could be all he could wear. I can't begin to speak in words of the suffering the poor child had to endure. I called one of our best doctors to treat him, and he said he had the Cuban Itch, and his treatment did not do any good. He seemed to get worse. He suffered so terribly that my husband said he believed he would have to let him die. I almost gave up hope when a lady friend told me to try the Cuticura Remedies. She said she cured her little girl's ear, which was nearly eaten up with the eczema. I got a cake of Cuticura Soap and one box Cuticura Ointment and I washed him all over with the Cuticura Soap and applied the Cuticura Ointment and hear once fell into a sleep, and after three applications he began to feel better. I used one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box Cuticura Ointment to complete the cure of the dreadful disease, and in just two weeks from the time I began to use the Cuticura Remedies my baby was entirely well. The treatment only cost me 75c, and I would have gladly paid \$100 if I could not have got it any cheaper. I feel safe in saying that the Cuticura Remedies saved his life. He is now a boy of five years old, as well as any child you ever saw. Mrs. Zana Miller, Union City, R. R. No. 1, Branch Co., Mich., May 17, 1906.

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